

RICHMOND RANGES



Queen of Cookers

L. M. HOPKINS & SON,
972 Main St., Bridgeport
NOYES R. BAILEY, Milford

Made by BARSTOW STOVE CO.,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

THE FIGHTER

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Author of "Caleb Conover, Railroader," "Dr. Dale," "On Glory's Trail," etc.

NEW YORK
FRANK F. LOVELL COMPANY

Copyright, 1909, by Albert Payson Terhune

(Continued.)

"Conover!" his friend was shouting, for the tenth time, "if you will him, Miss Shevlin's name will be brought into the affair! Can't you see that?"

Conover's iron-tense muscles relaxed. The organs of his body were relaxed. He knew that sanity had returned to the fighter, and he released his grip on the man's arm.

"Well," he observed, facing the dazed, panting man, and setting to rights his own tangled clothing, "you are a nice specimen of humanity to have at large in a civilized country! You might have killed him. You would have killed him, I believe, if I hadn't come when I did. I got to thinking over what you said at the State House and I was afraid something like this would happen. So I came on. Just in time, I think."

Caine, as he spoke, had knelt beside the battered, bleeding thing on the floor. Now he crossed to the washstand and came back with a soaked towel. Talking as he worked over the unconscious figure, he added, "You were right to thrash him. He richly deserved it. But, why the deuce did you keep on punning him while he was down? Does that strike you as sportmanlike?"

"Sportmanlike?" panted Conover, his big voice still shaking with groundswells of the storm that had mastered him. "Sportmanlike, hey? D'ye s'pose I came here for a meaty athletic contest? I came here to lick that curly, perfumed, wheedling, downy little hit him when he was down," answered Caine, crossing again from the washstand and dashing cold water in Caine's face. "I did it!"

"Of course I hit him when he was down," snorted Caine. "What d'ye s'pose I was going to do? Kick him? Hit him? Or come to the point quick, please. I'm liable to be pretty busy to-day."

Hawarden smiled back in an engaging fashion that held no hint of fear. For this, Caine again felt somewhat drawn to him. "I'm on an horrible cheeky errand," began the youth. "And, to tell you the truth, I'm scared stiff. I came to speak to you on a rather delicate subject."

"I never saw the 'delicate subject' that wasn't the better for being dragged out into the fresh air. Get to the point, son. I'm busy."

"All right, sir," said the boy with a labored formality that spoke of much rehearsal. "To speak to you of Miss Desirée Shevlin. You are her guardian, aren't you?"

Caine's glare of utter and displeased astonishment checked the speaker for the briefest instant. But, swallowing hurriedly, he continued his set speech: "I have the honor—the undesired honor, sir—to request your leave to ask Miss Shevlin to be my wife."

It was out! Hawarden relaxed the knuckle-whitening grip of his fists. His forehead grew moist. So did his palms. Nor did Caine's attitude lessen the awkwardness of the moment. With open mouth the fighter sat staring at his guest. At last he formed words—just a few of them.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he muttered. "It seems to me," said Hawarden, taking new hold of his sliding courage. "It seems to me a more honorable thing to ask your consent—Miss Shevlin's guardian—before daring to offer myself to her."

"If you had a little more sense you'd be half-witted!" The boy got to his feet. "It is your right, I suppose," he answered stiffly, "to insult me. You are an older man than I, and I come to you as an applicant for—"

"You read all that in a book," snorted Caine. "Cut it out and get down to sense. No one's insultin' you and no one's stompin' on your 'buddin' head. You can't wonder I was torn back when you sprung that mine on me. I ain't up in the by-laws an' constitution of polite society. If it's the usual thing to come over with a line of talk like you just got out of your system, why I'm sorry if I acted rough. There! Now, sit down and talk sense. So it's the custom to ask a girl's guardian before askin' her? Nice, refined idea. But I guess if everybody did it there wouldn't be a terrible lot of work for the marriage license clerks. An'—why, you're just a kid!" he broke out. "What in blazes are you babblin' about marryin' for Desirée?"

"I shall be twenty-two next month," answered the boy proudly. "I think I am entitled to be treated as a man. Not a—"

some sort rather than on railroad business. With mild curiosity as to what could have brought the son of Desirée's chaperone to see him, Conover lounged in leisurely fashion to the office.

On his appearance, a tall, clean-cut youth rose and greeted him with nervous cordiality. "Sit down," granted Conover, scowling under the vigorous grip of the lad's hand. "What can I do for you?"

The caller twisted his neck somewhat uneasily in its amazing height of collar, fought back a gulp and tell to drawing his tan gloves through his fingers. Caine noted that the hands were slender, the fingers long and tapering. He also noted that the boy, despite his almost effeminate delicacy of contour and feature, was square of jaw and steady of eye. The fighter was, from these signs of the Brotherhood of Strength, amused rather than irritated at the other's nervousness. He even felt a vague desire to set Hawarden at his ease.

"First time you an me have come together, ain't it?" he asked, less gruffly.

"Yes, sir," answered Hawarden pleasantly. "I know you by sight,—and of course reputation. But it's hardly likely you'd have noticed me. My parents have had the pleasure of meeting you."

"Pleasure, hey?" queried Caine. "That's what they called it?" Hawarden flushed painfully, as at some not wholly glad memory. "Never mind thinking up a comeback," grinned Caine. "Us two don't speak quite the same language. My mistake. Now, dropping into the office manner habitual to him, 'What do you want? I take it you're not makin' a round of social calls an' choosin' this for the first stoppin' place. What can I do for you? Come to the point quick, please. I'm liable to be pretty busy to-day.'"

Hawarden smiled back in an engaging fashion that held no hint of fear. For this, Caine again felt somewhat drawn to him. "I'm on an horrible cheeky errand," began the youth. "And, to tell you the truth, I'm scared stiff. I came to speak to you on a rather delicate subject."

"I never saw the 'delicate subject' that wasn't the better for being dragged out into the fresh air. Get to the point, son. I'm busy."

"All right, sir," said the boy with a labored formality that spoke of much rehearsal. "To speak to you of Miss Desirée Shevlin. You are her guardian, aren't you?"

Caine's glare of utter and displeased astonishment checked the speaker for the briefest instant. But, swallowing hurriedly, he continued his set speech: "I have the honor—the undesired honor, sir—to request your leave to ask Miss Shevlin to be my wife."

It was out! Hawarden relaxed the knuckle-whitening grip of his fists. His forehead grew moist. So did his palms. Nor did Caine's attitude lessen the awkwardness of the moment. With open mouth the fighter sat staring at his guest. At last he formed words—just a few of them.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he muttered. "It seems to me," said Hawarden, taking new hold of his sliding courage. "It seems to me a more honorable thing to ask your consent—Miss Shevlin's guardian—before daring to offer myself to her."

"If you had a little more sense you'd be half-witted!" The boy got to his feet. "It is your right, I suppose," he answered stiffly, "to insult me. You are an older man than I, and I come to you as an applicant for—"

"You read all that in a book," snorted Caine. "Cut it out and get down to sense. No one's insultin' you and no one's stompin' on your 'buddin' head. You can't wonder I was torn back when you sprung that mine on me. I ain't up in the by-laws an' constitution of polite society. If it's the usual thing to come over with a line of talk like you just got out of your system, why I'm sorry if I acted rough. There! Now, sit down and talk sense. So it's the custom to ask a girl's guardian before askin' her? Nice, refined idea. But I guess if everybody did it there wouldn't be a terrible lot of work for the marriage license clerks. An'—why, you're just a kid!" he broke out. "What in blazes are you babblin' about marryin' for Desirée?"

"I shall be twenty-two next month," answered the boy proudly. "I think I am entitled to be treated as a man. Not a—"

CHAPTER VIII. Caleb Conover Storms a Rampart. Caleb Conover was finishing a solitary breakfast in his room, the morning after his return from the Capital. He had eaten heartily, even as he had slept well; and was neither outwardly nor inwardly the worse for his long, full day at State House and engine-throttle. A slightly puffed under-lip and a double set of discolored knuckles were his only mementoes of the attack upon Blacarda.

Nature as a Designer. Not the least mysterious of all the wonders of the earth is the extraordinary cleverness of Dame Nature as a carver and designer. Her tools are air, rain, rivers, springs and frost. Any one who has ever seen the marvelous Queen Bee rock on the north Cornish coast, that wonderful presentment of Queen Elizabeth, who is seated so grandly upon the sands, must have asked himself the question as to how much a thing could have been accomplished. Continuous trickling of water wears away the face of the rock. Haphazard it was until at last a weird pattern is formed that sometimes resembles a man's face, sometimes an animal. All over the world Nature has placed her picture gallery and her collection of statuary, the biggest free show in the world.

Another work of Nature's that very often results in extraordinary changes being effected is a landslide. And landslides have arisen from the tides of possible causes. A little underground flow of water had gradually undermined a hill or cliff until at last the earth became like a hollow nut. Then the soil became too heavy. The sea beat against its foundations, and millions of tons of earth were flung into the sea, which proves the axiom that the tiniest beginnings often produce the mightiest ends.—London Standard.

English Luggage Lifters. English railway companies suffer severely through the pilfering of passengers' baggage and other articles by platform thieves, and in some cases it is a difficult matter to find out the miscreant. One of these luggage lifters was on an occasion some time ago seen keeping vigil over a barrow of luggage, and in his hand he carried apparently a good sized portmanteau. He walked up and down the platform several times and at last stopped opposite the luggage. Placing his bag on the barrow for a moment, he then picked it up and walked off. But the lynx eye of one of the railway officials had also been watching the barrow, and, going up to the man, had him arrested and searched. It was found that his apparent portmanteau was only a skeleton and inside had a set of springs, etc., which, when placed over a smaller bag, held the latter in position. But for the smartness of the official another traveler's bag would have been missing.—London Answers.

The Hollow Bones of Birds. The hollow bones of birds are frequently cited as beautiful instances of providential mechanics in building the strongest and largest possible limb with the least expenditure of material, and this is largely true, and yet birds, like ducks, which cleave the air with the speed of an express train, have the long bones filled with marrow or saturated with fat, while the lumbering hornbill, that fairly hurtles over the treetops, has one of the most completely pneumatic skeletons imaginable, permeated with air to the very toe tips, and the ungainly pelican is nearly as well off. Still, it is but fair to say that the frigate bird and turkey buzzards, creatures which are most at ease when on the wing, have extremely light and hollow bones, but, comparing one bird with another, the paramount importance of a pneumatic skeleton to a bird is not as evident as that of a pneumatic tire to a bicycle.—Exchange.

An Earl's Duel With a Butler. About the middle of the last century the Lord Rosebery of that time was in Paris, and in paying a call one day he was received so rudely by the butler that he complained to his friend of the servant's conduct. But the butler had been a noncommissioned officer in the French army, and as such he challenged Lord Rosebery to a duel. The earl accepted, and two shots were exchanged without result. But Lord Rosebery was angered at his own conduct and afraid his antagonist might lay aside his military rank and resume his duties as a servant, thus exposing an earl to the reproach of having fought with a butler. So he settled an annuity of £250 on the man on condition he did not return to domestic service. The condition was faithfully observed on both sides.

Lord Russell's Retort. Lord Russell once presided at a dinner given for Sir Henry Irving on his return from America. While the dinner was in progress Lord Russell suggested to Comyns Carr that he propose Sir Henry's health. "I can't make speeches, you know," he said. Sir Henry gently replied, "I heard you make a fine speech before the Parliament commission."

To which the pungent Irishman answered, "Oh, yes, but then I had something to talk about!"

WANT ADS. CENT A WORD.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature

of

Dr. J. C. H. H. H. H.

NEW YORK

35 CENTS

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THIS MEANS YOU!

A POINTER

How To Improve Business

ONE OF THE MOST ESSENTIAL REQUISITES TO AN UP-TO-DATE, MODERN BUSINESS, IS A SELECT AND WELL-PRINTED ASSORTMENT OF OFFICE STATIONERY. "A MAN IS JUDGED BY THE COMPANY HE KEEPS." THE SAME RULE APPLIES TO THE STATIONERY OF BUSINESS MEN.

The Farmer Publishing Co.

Book and Job Printers

27 Fairfield Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.



Two Minutes by the Clock

That's all the time it takes to put a lasting, lustrous shine on shoes—if you use the world-famous "Nugget" Polish.

Just brush the shoes free from dust and dirt, then apply a dab of "Nugget" and then a trifling amount of "elbow grease" in the way of brushing, and behold a pair of shoes that look like new.

"Nugget" not only shines shoes better and with less work than any polish sold, but it makes shoes wear and wear.

"Nugget" nourishes, actually feeds the leather, keeps it soft and flexible and prevents unsightly ridges and cracking. And still better, "Nugget" polished shoes are water-proof—no damp feet if "Nugget" is used.

The "Nugget" Kit is a handsome little box contain-

ing in compact form all that is necessary to care for the shoes—a box of "Nugget," a strong, durable brush, and a Selvyt finishing pad, 40c complete.

Get a box of "Nugget" or a "Nugget" Kit today and earn the happy habit of keeping well-groomed shoes.

Remember "Nugget" waterproofs the leather and doubles the life of your shoes. Sold at good shoe stores, drug stores, grocers and dealers everywhere.



10c a Box—Black or Tan

\$1 --TURKISH BATHS-- \$1

KEEP YOU IN PERFECT HEALTH AT

1 HOTEL ATLAS

Elegant Hotel Apartments Unsurpassed Grill Room and Cafe

N. W. BUTTER

New Made Spring Butter, fresh from the churn

28c PER POUND

THE PEOPLE'S DAIRY, 130 State St.

Telephone GEO. A. ROBERTSON—599

FINE Wines and Liquors

BRIDGEPORT DISTRIBUTING CO.,

102 STATE STREET, NEAR PUBLIC MARKET

California Port or Sherry, 75 cents per gallon.

Port, Sherry, Tokay, Muscatel, Rhine Wine, etc.

Full quart Sherwood Rye Whiskey, \$1.00.

Cooking Brandy, Liquors, Cordials, Ale and Lager Beer.

Free Delivery. Telephone 264-3

ICE for the Sick Room

should be pure, wholesome, and clean beyond question. No impurities or germs in our HYGIENIC ICE—the water from which it is made is frozen only after being filtered and distilled

THE NAUGATUCK VALLEY ICE CO.

421 HOUSATONIC AVE. Telephone 154 FAIRFIELD AVE.

Down Town Office

IRA GREGORY & CO., Established 1847

Branch Office 972 Main Street

COAL

Main Office 262 Stratford Avenue

WAKE UP! STOP DREAMING ABOUT THAT COAL ORDER

Prices have advanced and will soon be higher. Let us fill your bins NOW

THE ARNOLD COAL COMPANY

Branch Office GEO. B. CLAR & CO. YARD AND MAIN OFFICE

30 Fairfield Avenue Telephone 2457 150 Housatonic Avenue

COAL and WOOD

Flour, Grain, Hay and Straw, WHOLESALE and RETAIL

Telephone 481-8

BERKSHIRE MILLS.

Try Sprague's Extra

ICE COAL WOOD

HIGH GRADE LEHIGH COAL

Sprague Ice & Coal Co.

East End East Washington Ave. Bridge

Telephone 710

ABSOLUTELY

CLEAN COAL GUARANTEED

SCREENED BY A NEW MACHINE

just installed, and we invite customers to call at our yard

and see it in operation. Coal is advancing in price each

month at wholesale and must soon advance at retail.

DO NOT DELAY ORDERING

WHEELER & HOWES,

944 MAIN ST. Yard, East End Congress Street Bridge